

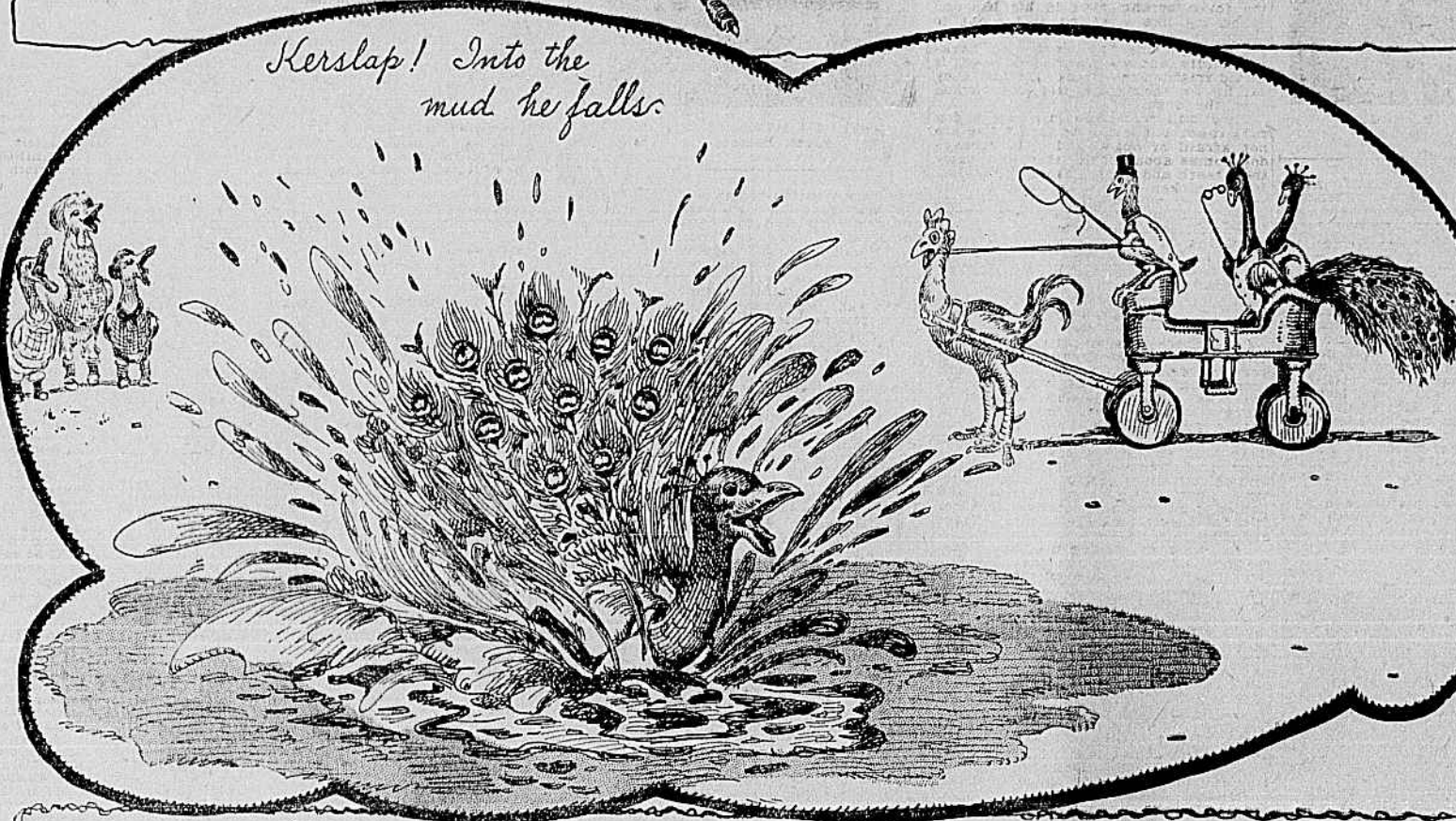
ANIMALDOM

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THE HAUGHTY PEACOCK



*The Haughty Peacock
struts by his neighbors.*



*Kerslap! Into the
mud he falls.*



I'll tell you now a little tale
About a silly prig,
Whose vanity and self-conceit
Had come to be too big.

This prig, a Peacock, mighty rich,
At last had settled down
Upon a splendid old estate
A mile or so from town.

The Country Folks, without a word
Upon the road he'd pass,
And never look or bow at them:
They weren't quite in his class!

One day he sauntered to his gate
To meet some swells whom he
Had asked to spend the day with him,
And stay till after Tea.

But there he met some Country Folks,
And strutting-strut he went.
He almost broke his spine in two,
So far in back he bent.

And, going thus, he couldn't see
An object in his way:
A great, black pool of oozy mud,
A few short feet away.

His friends drove up; he strutted on,
And to destruction sped;
For down, **KERSLAP!** in all that mud
He went, heels over head.

He was an awful sorry sight!
His neighbors shook with glee,
And he'd have given much if they
Had not been there to see.

Take heed, then, Proud and Haughty Ones.
Such things don't pay at all.
For, as the good old motto reads,
Pride goes before a fall.

J. J. MORA.